

Thunderbird Bulletin

Camosun Gyro Club, Victoria, B.C., Canada



KEEPING UP

In these times of Covid-19, it seems nothing, or extraordinarily little, is “normal”, whatever that means. There is no end in sight, so we have no idea what the “end” will look like (see report on the Ken Fyke “Zoom” later in the *Bulletin*).

So, another abnormality is the lateness of this *Thunderbird Bulletin*, which is only partly due to the challenges offered by the virus. The other reasons are the demands of my employers (yes, I still have some!), the requirements of Spring in the garden, lovely weather and a general lethargy derived from the aging process. I pray my Gyro friends for forgiveness!

Forgiven or not, however, the suspension of the Club and the shortage of material means we are having our summer break early. Back in September!

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EDITORIAL

To Zoom or not to Zoom?

President Pat is, like your Editor, a fan of everything and anything that can “normalise” our lives at this odd time. He has had us experimenting with “Zoom” (see page 8).

The good thing is, it works (see report on page 9). Using technology to stay in touch is something we have that other generations didn’t. Think about how we can now video call anywhere in the world, as well as around the corner. Most of you will be reading this on a screen and the forest trees (though not the logging industry) are delighted that paper is going out of style.

Life goes on, however, and life ends. There are two “endings” in this issue of your *Bulletin*. That should remind us how important it is to stay in touch, no matter what medium we use.

A WORD FROM PRESIDENT PAT MARSHALL

To members of Camosun Gyro and partners



The COVID-19 pandemic may become our generational challenge along with climate change. Never in the field of human endeavour has so much change been caused by so little.

The virion is 90 nanometres across (billionths of a metre) or a millionth of the size of the cells it infects. The outer proteins sit athwart a membrane provided by the cell in which the virion was created. This membrane, which is made of lipids (fat), breaks up when it encounters soap and water. For a review see The Economist March 14, 2020.

“Flattening the curve” is a phrase that reminds me of an ad for whalebone corsets. This will prevent facilities from being overwhelmed but could possibly lead to a second ‘spike’ in the fall. Time will tell! In the meanwhile, social distancing is the norm. Those who do not are ‘COVIDIOTS’! Inger and I are adjusting to being together for the past six weeks. Every evening very solicitously I ask her ‘what are your plans for tomorrow?’ to which she excitedly replies ‘I have to take the garbage out tomorrow’. Who knew dressing up to take out the garbage could be so exciting.

At least I get to do telephone consults at the office 2-3 times per week, and I do get out of my gardening clothes to do this. I do however miss ordering a Fat Tug IPA at the Uplands bar and chatting with fellow members. This pandemic has turned the old adage ‘when the going gets tough the tough go shopping’ on its head. Perhaps when it is over people will rediscover the social satisfaction of shopping in person.

I have asked Colm to include the minutes of our April 3rd board meeting. We will meet again in May (via Zoom) and hopefully have a better idea of what to expect for the summer and fall. The pandemic has led to the creation of much humour – a sign of our resilience! Herewith a few ‘bon mots’ - Half of us are going to come out of quarantine as amazing cooks, the other half with a drinking problem. - I used to spin TP like Wheel of Fortune, now like I’m a safecracker. - Home schooling is going well. 2 students expelled for fighting and 1 teacher fired for drinking on the job. - Home schooling: I hope I don’t get the same teacher next year. - I hope the weather is warm tomorrow for my trip from Los Livingroom to Puerto Backyarda. - Singles Ad: Single man with TP seeks woman with hand sanitizer. - Gardening: Husband notices wife digging 2’ x 3’ x 6’ hole. Remember: better 6’ apart than 6’ under, and support local businesses. Inger and I plan to do takeout twice weekly – on the nights I’m assigned to the cooking duty.

Stay well!

Pat

Downdate (opposite of “update” - due to the delay in publication of the *Bulletin!*) written for the March *Bulletin* but too late to go in.

Welcome to the virtual Camosun Gyro Club.

Covid 19 (corona virus) has upset our meeting schedule for the foreseeable future. Inger and I had a very good trip to Portugal and Barcelona and no apparent concerns re: Covid 19

Until one turned to BBC News. It seems we were one step ahead of the virus. Interestingly, despite all the viral concerns, none of the flight attendants wore masks although they did glove. It would be interesting to know their infection rate.

While sitting on the balcony overlooking the Atlantic in Salema I prepared a “few” St. Patrick’s Day remarks. I wondered why people celebrate this particular Saint. It seemed to me it was an excuse to wear green, have an extra drink and tell bad jokes such as: “Why did St. Patrick drive the snakes out of Ireland – Because he couldn’t afford a plane ticket”.

However, I did learn something about climate change and reptile biology. The story of St. Patrick and the snakes is folklore and probably has to do with the serpent in Garden of Eden.

Ireland does not have snakes. It is an island and the Irish Sea is 80-plus km wide. A sea snake might make it, but they live in tropical waters. Great Britain has snakes and it, too, is an Island. For a long time neither island had snakes. The ice age made them inhospitable to reptiles, whose cold blooded bodies need surrounding heat to function.

The glaciers retreated 10,000 years ago exposing a land bridge between Europe and Britain and another between Britain and Ireland allowing easy passage to the Islands.

Melting glaciers drowned Ireland’s land bridge 8,500 years ago, whereas Britain’s persisted for another 2,000 years. Animals from Europe had more time to colonise Britain but, even then, only 3 species of snakes managed to establish themselves in Britain and none in Ireland.

Snakes were introduced to Ireland during the economic boom of the 1990s, not having been banned, as they were in Hawaii and New Zealand. During the 2008 recession and afterwards people let their pet snakes loose but, so far, they haven’t spread far in the wild.

So much for snakes and back to St. Patrick who was not Irish. He is believed to be born in 375 AD in Scotland. His full name was Maewyn Succat and his parents were Calpernius and Conchesa – Romans living in Britain. He took the name Patrick when he became a priest. As a teen he was kidnapped by pirates and sold into slavery to herd sheep on Stemish Mountain, Co Antrim.

During his 6 years of captivity he became fluent in the Irish language. He turned to God in prayer and escaped after a dream in which God told him to leave Ireland by going to the coast where he would find a ship waiting to take him to Britain. He is believed to have met up with his parents in Wales before travelling to France where he became a priest and later a Bishop. Patrick was sent another dream in which the people of Ireland were calling out to him to come and walk among them once more. He preached and converted all over Ireland for 40 years. The year cited for Ireland's conversion to Christianity is 432 AD. He is known as the "Apostle of Ireland" and is the primary patron Saint of Ireland. The other patron Saints are Brigit of Kildare and St. Columba.

St. Patrick's Day or the Feast of St. Patrick (Lá Fhéile Pádraig) was made an official Christian feast day in the early 17th Century. It is a public holiday in Newfoundland and Labrador. It is celebrated March 17th the supposed date of his death although the year varies from 460 to 493 AD. He is buried in Co Antrim.

The Shamrock has become a central symbol for St. Patrick's Day as he is said to have used it to illustrate the doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

While having a beer in Sagrès, I read in the March 1st Daily Mail : Boris Johnson and Carrie Symonds revealed she is pregnant and they plan to marry. Boris is about to join "old Dads and 3rd wives club" !! This brought to mind the comment of a colleague who said that the secret to success in medicine was to buy low, sell high and marry once !!

For practical information on Covid 19, Google Dr. James M. Robb.

Stay well. Pat.

And yet another Pat Marshall classic!

(This time from an all-Gyro email, but I reproduce it here to help fill up the space [lol. Colm]:

Thanks to those who took part in our recent Zoom meeting. We had 25 participants! Thanks, in particular, to Ken for providing us with an informed commentary -- unlike one we see on the nightly news. Thanks also to members who provided some very interesting sidenotes.

Ken's talk compelled me to pull two books from the top shelf of my library. The Fourth Horseman by Andrew Nikiforruk (Viking 1991) and The Tumult and the Shouting by Grantland Rice (AS Barns 1954). The second book because of the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. Football aficionados may recall stories of the famed 1924 Notre Dame backfield -- Elmer Layden, Don Miller, Jim Crowley and Harry Stuhlderher - and the lineman who are the nameless seven mules.

Andrew Nikiforruk's book brings to mind chapter six of the book of Revelations. It identifies history's most colourful forces as the four riders of the apocalypse. Each of these horsemen has a mission: the first rider sits on a white horse, wears a crown and represent a world of God, life and hope. The second sits astride a blood red steed and carries a sword. He symbolises the power of government and politics. The third travels on a black horse and holds a scale to measure prosperity and famine. The fourth horseman commands a pale, anaemic mount - he is pestilence and death.

Nikiforruk's chapter on "influenza: viral waves" suggests the flu virus has been a globetrotter for thousands of years. The first epidemics of sneezing and coughing began with the domestication of ducks, horses, pigs and cattle. Apparently, the duck's stomach is a veritable flu factory. Epidemics didn't begin until cities grew in the 18th and 19th centuries. He notes epidemics in 1732, 1762, 1775 and 1837. The nature of the outbreak depended upon the dominant animal of the time. Pre WW1, horses and laterally, pigs, ducks and cattle. The flu virus is noted to have a spiked ball appearance with a worm inside. Pandemics began with global travel and progressed with the speed of available transport.

The flu virus is notable for its ability to exchange genetic material with other viruses and mutate. Alternatively, mistakes can be made and coating the surface proteins so after several generations, immune systems no longer recognise them. He goes onto say that one of the great lies of the 20th century is that vaccines and antibiotics have saved us from pestilence.

The recurring nature of pestilence: 1772 plague, 1820 cholera, 1918-19 "Spanish" flu, 1968 & 1988 influenza, 2003 SARS, 2009 MERS and now COVID-19 in 2020 calls into question the prescience of writers such as Nostradamus in 1551 or Dean Koontz in 1981. However, one has to give a low bow to the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club for taking out a \$200 million policy in 2003 against a pandemic forcing cancellation of Wimbledon (a low probability, high risk event).

All of this is rather sobering and suggests that despite the best efforts of science, viral pandemics take on a life of their own. We may have to be prepared for more zoonoses in which obscure (possibly not to vets) animal viruses become existential human threats. These will be exacerbated by altered human behaviours and environmental changes e.g. Bolivian haemorrhagic fever.

For me, the greatest tragedy may be that the Saskatchewan Rough Riders season appears to be in doubt. For Gyro wives, it is that Fluevogs are currently sold out. And who knew hairdressing is an essential service?

These days, Victoria is more Simon and Garfunkel (Sounds of Silence) than Petula Clark (Downtown). Who would have thought I would await the reopening of Smuggler's Cove Pub with such anticipatory delight? All of you recluses, enjoy this golden time, for I am optimistic that once again (hopefully by Fall) we will be socialising in some fashion at Uplands.

When this current episode ends, stock up on masks, hand sanitizers, gloves and 90% alcohol (not to drink).

On a Gyro business note: the Camosun Gyro Board met virtually in April (see the minutes on the next page).

Stay well and best regards,

Pat

www.camosun.gyro.com

Mike Wedekind is making changes to improve our club site. We will be featuring a special article by Mike in our next *Bulletin*.

Minutes of the Executive Meeting, April 3rd 2020

Report by Mike Wedekind

These are unusual times! Adrian Dix has indicated there is zero chance of any group meetings during April and the board expects this will be extended. The board has voted to cancel all events – installation, June 2nd offsite tour of the Legislature and steak fry – until September. The question of the summer barbeque will be reviewed in June.

The following items were reviewed by the board:

1. The AGM will be deferred until the first or second meeting in September. We will hopefully have more clarity in May or June regarding the date of the AGM.
2. The proposed budget will be sent out by email for discussion and a vote at the AGM. The board will review the budget prior to this.
3. The following have agreed to serve on the executive and Board
 - Past President – Pat Marshall
 - President – Mike Wedekind
 - First VP – Hans Rodenburgh
 - Second VP – Tim Evans
 - Treasurer – Jay Fray
 - Secretary – Ed Navickas

Board Members:

Rick McKay
Ron Frolek
Raymond Mew
Colm Foy

If members wish to nominate someone for the Board or executive, they may do so with the seconder and an election can be held at the AGM.

The following responsibilities have been assigned and agreed to:

Ron Frolek – App and Yap

Pub night – Pat Marshall

Speakers – Stu Cameron has agreed to stay on and assist. Ray Mew will be the board member in charge. Mark Dumais and Pat Marshall will assist.

4 - Installation. Mike Wedekind will become president during the AGM and there will be a more formal installation October 24th at the Fall Ball – if it occurs.

5 - seating at meetings. We will explore the question of 4, 6 or 8 members at a table for when meetings resume.

6 – Under the guidance of Mike Wedekind, the Board has voted in favor of a new website – wildapricot.org. This is said to be more user friendly and can be used for Evite. The cost is approximately \$200 more per year.

7 – All members are effectively Associates until regular meetings resume and the treasurer will be sending out adjustments to members' dues.

Reminder from the *Bulletin* Editor:

All Executive meetings are open to ordinary Gyro Members. In the next season, I am hoping to add them to the Calendar for your information. However, there is usually insufficient space for me to publish the minutes in every issue of the *Bulletin*, unless there is a general demand from Members. Colm

Zoom

For those who are unaware of the system, or unfamiliar with it, “Zoom” is a video-conferencing software that is ridiculously easy to use – like riding a bike – once you get the hang of it. You do not have to be signed up as a “Zoom” user to join a Zoom videoconference, although you do have to be if you wish to *initiate* a conference call. The free version allows unlimited 1-to-1 video calls (although this is a bit misleading because “1-to-1” actually means “1-to-3”: one initiator and three participants), both in the number of calls you can make and in the duration of each call. It also allows group meetings of up to 100 participants + the initiator but they are limited to 40 minutes' duration, after which time, the initiator has to start a new meeting.

An initiator is someone with a Zoom account. Of course, anyone with a Zoom account can also be a participant in someone else's meeting to which they are invited. A meeting is generally set up when an initiator sends out an invitation to participants in an email containing the ID of the meeting and an access code. Overcoming the time limit requires a monthly USD 20.00 fee for the “Pro” version. Since there are currently more than four Camosun Gyros – even on the Executive – our “meetings” are limited to 40 minutes, unless we subscribe to the “Pro” version.

“Zooming in with Ken Fyke”

Thursday, 23 April 2020

As our illustrious (and long-lasting) President has noted elsewhere, despite the complexities of “Zoom” – at least for some – some 25 Gyros “tuned in” to hear Camosun Gyro Ken Fyke offer his opinions and thoughts on the current Covid-19 pandemic and its impact on us (and the rest of Canada).

After an introduction to the subject and some background, Ken got to the point: in future we can expect supply-chain disruptions to continue for some time. This, he said was especially true of medical supplies including drugs because of the international production routes employed by manufacturers (it may be worth mentioning that, although Ken did not specifically refer to it, US drug manufacturers work very closely with firms in India and China both in research and, especially, manufacture). Here in Canada, partly as a result of past experience with SARS and other outbreaks, we have excellent research facilities that may well be among the first to produce a vaccine. However, it will take time to produce and manufacture the vaccine in facilities that may be outside our borders. The disruption to trade links from the current crisis will take months if not year to overcome for these and other goods.

He thinks that the virus will not be eliminated or “magically disappear”, as some earlier coronaviruses appear to have done. This means that the search for a vaccine may produce the only results with any long-time significance. Meanwhile, the rituals of elbow sneezing and coughing, the thorough and frequent washing of hands and the keeping of some social distancing will perforce continue. The same applies to travel and we will not be returning to “normal” air and long-distance travel any time soon. As for “herd immunity” – the immunity gained by a given population when sufficient numbers of its members have recovered from the virus *and* are immune to it – will take a long time. (We have since learned that the World Health Organisation is warning that prior infection by the virus may *not necessarily* confer future immunity.)

What this means for Gyro and for Gyros is that we may have to change our habits and our procedures to deal with the new reality. That means, perhaps, a larger room for meetings, fewer people with a greater distance between them at tables, less shaking of hands and no kissing other people’s partners (!). We have “interesting times” ahead!

Colm

Footnote: No, it’s not a good idea to drive to Thunder Bay for the summer this year!

Not-Regular Dinner, April 0th at Uplands

President Pat Marshall did not open the proceedings, and nobody said Grace or sang *O Canada* while the ever-loyal David Else did not toast the Queen with his impeccable style and vigour.

Our Speaker was not Amiss Marshall Ember, regular *Bulletin* correspondent and columnist, notably responsible for the “Fake News?” column. He did not turn up encouraged by the promise of a free dinner and more than one beer on the tab of the Club and he did not produce an ancient machine containing slides that would never be seen because of incompatibility issues with the Club’s equally archaic projector. Nor was the outlandishly technically wise former President Peter Stanford called upon to resolve yet another cable-end problem.

A.M. did not regale Members with his tales of White House briefings in the Rose Garden in the pouring rain when the only umbrella available was being held over the head of a speaker whose name he has not forgotten. Nor did he explain how he knows so much about the BC Highways and Transport departments whose oversight of the ever-engaging and everlasting McKenzie Interchange saga has provided him with many column centimetres over the past forever.

The much-loved A.M. Ember was not able to inform his adoring fans of the Camosun Gyro how he came to enter the profession of journalism from a lowly beginning as a mid-level CSIS spy operating in hostile territory over the border in Whatcom County where he escaped capture on numerous occasions by ducking into one of the many McDonald’s. No, A.M. was silent on these issues and on so many others we would all have loved to hear. Indeed, he did not promise to return any time soon and did not claim that he would henceforth be unavailable due to social distancing and did not distribute copies of his remarks to the people who were not there.

Neither Hunter McDonald, nor Hedley Goldsworthy asked embarrassing question to which A.M. would have made up an answer, which would have been a relief to all of us who were absent.

As the meeting did not draw to a close, Past President and sawbones of repute Dr Stuart Cameron did not excel himself with scant praise by way of introduction to Amiss Marshall and there was no vote of thanks and appreciation from anybody not there. However, due to the exhaustion of not appearing at the meeting, A.M. is unable to furnish this edition’s “Fake News?” Shame!

All-in-all, it was one of Camosun Gyro’s most successful not meetings!

Not David Else, Assistant Editor

Four Questions to ... Tim Evans*

What Defines you?

I would have to say my passion for fast cars and especially Porsche. Nothing like an early morning spirited drive on the twisty roads.

What would you take to a desert Island?

Lots of sunscreen, water and a fishing rod, I know, I'm far too practical.

Favourite memory?

For years when I was growing up my mother would take me and my brothers to Western Speedway almost every Saturday night in the summer to take in the racing action. I guess I can thank my mother for my lifelong need for speed.

Why did you join Gyro?

I knew a few members and they assured me it wasn't a service club and the idea of guys just hanging out on a regular basis and talking about what guys talk about intrigued me. I haven't been disappointed.



Tim has been a Camosun Gyro for exactly three years and currently serves on the Club Executive.

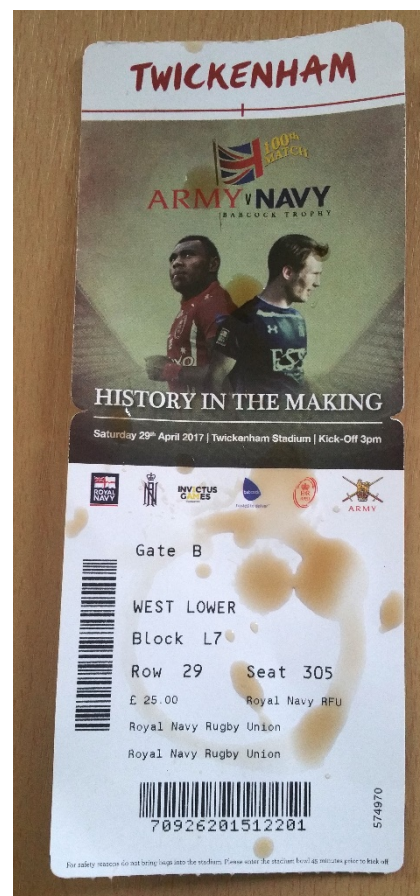
The BIG Game by Rob d'Estrubé

We went to the annual Army-Navy rugby game in a seething crowd of 81,577, the early station quays along the way to Twickenham lined 4 deep for the entire lengths of trains with die-hard inebriates ready to celebrate. Early.

We found our stadium seats after inching, squeezing, twisting our way through the tidal sea of red and blue, irreverent nuns in black and white, hairy Marilyn Monroes in brilliant blond and tattoos, and a henna-haired short round middle aged woman with English teeth and ample girth enough to stretch a t-shirt exclaiming "SCRUMPTIOUS". We had aisle seats: hooray, what luck, 29 rows up with a good midfield views; let the games begin!

S'cuse me, mate...Sorry, mate...Wot the F..?: a vexatious and unrelenting stream of fellow revelers holding tickets down our row required that we stand up and accommodate their squeezing by with their beers and their packs. Our row was 30 seats wide; no one thought to come in from the other end. The authorities had closed the bar a half hour before the start, a wise move. So now we could only wait it out for the kickoff. Much cheering: it was Prince Harry on the mic and on the big screens, glad handing all the lined up players and wishing all well.

God Save The Queen was fairly screamed by local enthusiasts through their beers one row back. The game began. But it is a rather slow game in that there are many breaks in the action and that just encourages NOISE. At once it was obvious that Army was going to prevail, apparently their prevalence of Fijians would be a factor. Of course, there were cheers and OOHS and AAATWWWs around the plays but really nobody was paying that much attention. Our fellow revelers were more interested in standing in their seats and talking side to side or up and down rows. The stair aisles up and down became filled with mountainous view-blocking people on pilgrimage up, down, up, down. They had reopened the bar. That was a signal for all the 28 people on our left to go find it. The aisles were pack trains of repeat offenders hauling 4 packs of open pint cups. Sloshed and sloshing they greeted and patted and high-fived any friend in the audience. Gingerly attempting the long stretches down the rows to their seats, a wave of the seated rising to let them pass, they were not always successful in delivering their full loads: we escaped being lagered but the stadium floors were awash by the time it was over.



Someone a few rows down became rather excited or annoyed and twice purposely flung entire cupfuls of beer into the stands around him. Ronald MacDonald made a surprise appearance on our left end-zone to great cheering, outrunning and dodging the police for some time before being cornered to much booing. The game droned on.

This was the Big Game! Why wasn't anyone really interested? All the costumes, the default chanting, (Swing Low, Sweet Chariot...), the huge turnout, the camaraderie. But it was shop talk, romance talk, drunken drivel surrounding us. Blah blah blah OOOOH (occasionally) blah blah AAAAH. It was Social Central with the distraction of a game out there between the mountains. It was the beer and a chance to get potted in a good-natured crowd of like-minded intoxicants. No none seemed to care that much about the final score of 20 to 30, the Navy fans cheerfully enough conceding defeat despite their last minute Try at 2 seconds on the clock.

At the end 81, 577 stood as one: exit or internment. Some just stood in the rows to finish inanities or lager gesturing to friends beside them or in rows up or down. Actually, they couldn't move anyway. We were lucky to be on the aisle but the crowd had moved before us. Infinitely slowly we descended ... We went down into the same crowd scene as on arrival except that the costumes and make-ups were a little more tired and spirits higher.

The great human glacier calved great lumps of humanity about 20 meters from the building, everyone in them holding security hands of companions, eyes straining for opportune spaces ahead and the way to the gates at the same time. People became taller through the effort.

Once outside, the crowd filled every side street and major road alike, police protected. Everyone seemed to know where they were going but it became rather a scene from the The Time Machine where the masses became automatons heading for the same entrance to the underground at the sound of the siren. Impossible numbers headed for the trains to London but they laid on extra trains and it all went smoothly and without rancour in the ranks. People were still in very good spirits despite half of them being losers in many senses.

You'd think it would have been a big day in the city: we watched the local BBC news from London that night anticipating exposure to some lively bits we might have missed or happened later once ever more lager was consumed by the die-hard late crowd. Not a word. The headline story was the title heavyweight fight last night at Wimbledon stadium in front of 90,000, already in progress. The OOOHS and AAAWWWS, cheering and booing outside our flat window looking on to a spill-out crowd from the pub across the street gave us clues to the action.

Just a normal quiet day in the big city: drink, engage, drink, animate, drink, repeat. A good time is had by all.

Harry Hyde

By Evan Whittaker

Dr. Henry Alexander Hyde - Harry, as he was known, passed away in his sleep March 6, 2020 at 7:30 am at the Saanich Peninsula Hospital. Harry was brilliant and curious and while he had many accomplishments, he remained modest and humble. One such accomplishment was becoming a surgeon by starting university at the age of 16. It was a profession he would practice for 60 years.

Harry was always helping people and contributing to the world around him. Even at the age of 90, his impeccable mind was alert and open. Harry loved to debate many points of view. The joke was Harry loved to work, but even more, he loved to retire, which he did three times. He took up windsurfing and playing hockey full time. He was 60. Retired. Sort of. Time to remarry. Along comes his new wife, Paddy Rowland. Their marriage continued 28 years, until his death.

Harry returned to surgery at the three local hospitals of Victoria and Saanich, and also mentored and taught UBC satellite medical students. He practiced medicine until he was 80, assisting at Royal Jubilee Hospital which he often said was good fun.

Harry also enjoyed volunteer work where he mentored child musicians at the UJam society and travelled to Guatemala on surgical missions. With Paddy, he enjoyed traveling and meeting people. Harry and Paddy flew to China where he walked the Great Wall, to France and Italy where they learned to cook and to Turkey where he explored and climbed many ruins. On a Florida cruise, Harry insisted he and his wife dance at every music stage on the ship. Harry was a devoted and kind husband.

Harry loved to read books as he loved new ideas. Harry was also an amazing cryptic crossword solver. He also loved to laugh. After all, his monogram is H.A.H. Hah. Hah. How can you have HAH for a monogram and not laugh out loud? Harry did laugh and often laughed. Far Side comics and the Peanuts syndicate of Charles Schultz were favourites. As Harry played Antiques Hockey until he was 80, he was thrilled to spend many summers in California competing in an old-timers' hockey tournament at Charles Shultz's ranch in Santa Rosa. Harry met the Snoopy and Charlie Brown creator who also loved and played hockey which was made easier as Charles Shultz had two full-size hockey rinks at his ranch.

Recently, he and Paddy enjoyed the company of many Victorians through the Camosun Gyro friendship club. Harry loved his role at Gyro which was arranging for interesting speakers at the club. Harry would hear somebody on the radio, or read about an interesting idea in the paper, and simply call the person up, and invite them to Gyro. His friends were surprised at how easy he made it seem. Dr. Harry Hyde was a happy, inspirational man who loved all sorts of people.

Dad loved, and was proud of, all the children he cared for. His eldest son, John, now living at Black Creek with his wife Elaine Prodor, is a bass player. Their daughter, Harry's first grandchild, Emily, now lives in the United Kingdom. Harry's eldest daughter, Patricia, is a nurse, and lives with her partner Bert East in Calgary. His youngest daughter, Nancy, is a recreational therapy aide, who lives with her partner Alf McLaughlin, also in Calgary. His youngest son, George, lives in Edmonton and recently retired from the Canadian National Railway.

Harry also loved his four stepchildren from his wife, Patricia Rowland-Hyde. They are the twins, Justin and Jason Whittaker, and daughter Evan Whittaker in Victoria. Their youngest daughter Katie Lee, lives in Ottawa with her husband Ryan Lee and Harry delighted in the rambunctious joy of his two granddaughters, Mary and Sophia Lee.

A family service occurred March 13th, returning Harry to the earth in a forest at the Royal Oak Burial Grounds. An Oregon white oak (known as the Garry oak in Canada), an endangered species, was planted and might grow to 20 feet tall, so that we may all visit Harry in years to come. He did not like ferns.

The amazing, kind, great man, Henry Alexander Hyde, will be truly missed.



Celebration of Life Memorial for Dr. Harry Hyde to be held this summer 2020. All of Harry's family and all of Harry's friends are invited to attend and remember our beloved Dr. Harry Hyde.

For information and details, please contact Dr. Hyde's widow, Paddy Rowland-Hyde, at paddy.hyde42@gmail.com. or phone: 250-595-8985

Please consider donations to The Victoria Cancer Clinic, the Saanich Peninsula Hospital Foundation or the society close to his heart, UJAM (u-jam.ca).

The Penultimate Page

Happy April & May birthdays to: Marcel Fisher (14/04), Nick Klompas (15/04), Iain Brown (04/05), Tony Nadolski (05/05), Don Boulton (10/05), Ray Elford (21/05), Ray Mew (23/05), Hedley Goldsworthy (27/05), Terry Fauteux (28/05) and Peter Stanford (30/05).

Forthcoming District Events (subject to change, obviously)

Event Date	Event Description
Saturday, July 18, 2020	Vernon Installation
Saturday, July 25, 2020	York-Brimacombe Golf
Saturday, August 01, 2020	Golden Ears Installation
Saturday, September 12, 2020	Kitimat Installation
Saturday, September 12, 2020	Kelowna Installation
Friday, September 18, 2020	North Shore Installation
Saturday, September 19, 2020	Olympia Installation
Friday, September 25, 2020	Prince George Installation
Friday, October 16	District Convention and Vancouver BC Centenary

PIP and Victoria PP, Chris Randall: RIP

PIP Christopher "Chris" Randall, Victoria Gyro Club, died on April 27th. His health had been declining for several months. On Sunday, April 19th, Chris said that he was not feeling well so Judy took him to the Emergency Room, where he was deemed to need serious and lengthy surgery. At the age of 84, the risks were too high to warrant the intervention. Chris served as President of Victoria Gyro, District IV Governor and as President of Gyro International from 1999-2000, being awarded the Honor Key for his outstanding leadership. He had received the Award of Merit in, 1989. As an attorney, he volunteered his services and legal advice to our Fraternity of Friendship for many years. He was a stickler for the Constitution and Bylaws at Conventions. If something wasn't covered under "Roberts Rules of Order", then it would come under "Chris's Rules". We will miss his enthusiasm for Gyro and his professional support.

Chris has been a regular visitor to our Camosun Club and enjoyed the friendly rivalry between us and our "parent"; many of us will remember him fondly, despite the occasional expressions of differences of opinion!

The Executive will let members know when and where the celebration of life is to take place. For personal condolences, Judy's address is 3112 Wessex Close, Victoria, BC V8P 5N2; her phone number is in Larry Duba's latest "Upcoming Events" email (not included here for privacy reasons).

THE LAST PAGE

YOUR EXECUTIVE 2019/2020

President	Pat MARSHALL	1 st VP	Mike WEDEKIND
Secretary	Peter WHELAN	2 nd VP	Hans RODENBURGH
Treasurer	Jay FRAY	Past President	Marc DUMAIS
Director	Tim EVANS	Director	Ron FROLEK
Director	Colm FOY	Director	Rick McKay

CAMOSUN CLUB CALENDAR

Steak Fry	18-Jun-20	TBD?
AGM	September?	
Installation	September?	

Camosun Installation

As Members will have read in the Executive Minutes of April 3, the Club Installation has been postponed until a later date. In any case, we need, constitutionally, an AGM formally to elect the incoming officers, including the President and this cannot happen until September. Once again, be patient and don't drink or inject yourselves with bleach or disinfectant; we don't want any more hospitalisations!

Enjoy the summer and we – the *Bulletin* included – will be back again in September.

By the way, you may wish to use the time you now have on your hands to send in your bios. As you will see there isn't one in this issue because I don't have any to publish!

Colm (your Editor, for now).

The *Thunderbird Bulletin* is published by the Camosun Gyro Club for the benefit of its members. The views and ideas expressed in the *Bulletin* are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent those of the Camosun Club or Gyro International. Overall Editor: Colm Foy (colmfoy@gmail.com).